I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
thaking / rembl In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me? Lookes
If not, that *I* being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
lispo'd Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?
Qu. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt to me, vnto
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleageance:
The ſorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine. are
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
drew And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland: the foule Hesse
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee, are all Denounſt. 1602.
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
rite *Qu.* So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. M. What? were you ſnarling all before *I* came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
all And turne you now your hatred all on me? now
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauē,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
lost Their kingdomes loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your king?
ours As our by murder, to make him a king.

Edward

1602.

of Richard the th

my Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince o
For Edward my ſon, which was Prince of
died Die in his youth, by like vntimely violenc
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Qu
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childre
And ſee another, as *I* ſee thee now,
rights Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in m
Long die thy happie daies before thy dea
And after many lengthened houres of gre
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Q
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
Lord And ſo was thou Lo. Haſtings, when my ſo
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pr
That none of you may liue your naturall a
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hateſu
Qu. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, fo
If heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſto
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds p
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors while thou
And take deepe traytors for thy deareſt frie
the No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting drea
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
eiuish Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wom
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.
Glo. Margaret.
Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu. Ma. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had th

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